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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HONESTY" THE SUBJECT MAT- TER LAST SUNDAY.

From the Text, I. Timothy, vi. 9: "They That Will Be Rich Fall Into a Temptation and a Snare, and Into Many Foolish and Hurtful Lusts."

That is the Niagara Falls over which rush a multitude of souls, namely the determination to have the money any- how, right or wrong. Tell me how a man gets his money and what he does with it, and I will tell you his character and what will be his destiny in this world and the next. I propose to speak today about the ruinous modes of get- ting money.

In all our city, state and national elections large sums of money are used in bribery. Politics, from being the science of good government, has often been dragged into the synonym for treachery and turpitude. A monster sin, plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are rotten with leprosy. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is clenched, and with its ichorous knuckle it taps at the door of the court-room, the legislative hall, the congress and the parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters and glides through the aisle of the council cham- ber as softly as a slipped page, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken and the palm of the intruder crosses the palm of the official the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads and the doom is fixed and the victim perishes. Let bribery, ac- cused of God and man, stand up for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons, who became judges, "They took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers, "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day, "They take a bribe and turn aside the poor in the gate." Eliphaz foretells the crushing blows of God's indignation, declaring, "Fires shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."

It is no light temptation. The might-iest have fallen under it. Lord Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern science, author of "Novum Organum," and a whole li- brary of books, the leading thinker of his century, so preoccupied that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Jonson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an in- come which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—thirty-six thousand dollars a year, and princely estates in Hertfordshire—yet under the temptation to bribery, falling flat into ruin, and on his con- fession of taking bribes, as excuse that all his predecessors took them; he was fined two hundred thousand dollars—or what corresponds with our two hun- dred thousand dollars—and impris- oned in London Tower.

The black chapter in English, Irish, French and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you re- member the Pacific mail subsidies. Most of you remember the awful tra- gedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for \$31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary, Althopel forsook David and Judas kissed Christ. When I see so many of the illustrious going down under this temptation it makes me think of the red dragon spoken of in Revela- tion, with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns, drawing a third part of the stars of heaven down after him.

The lobbies of the Legislatures of this country control the country. The land is drunk with bribery! "Oh," says some one, "there's no need of talking against bribery by promise or by dol- lars, because every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the Dark Ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A cad of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him five hundred ducats in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man on the other side had no witnesses. At the close of the case the cad said: "This poor man has no witnesses, he thinks; I shall produce in his behalf five hundred witnesses against the other side." Then pulling out the bag of ducats from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying, "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas offered a bribe, said, "I will do this thing if it be right, and if it be wrong, all your goods cannot persuade me."

The President of the American Con- gress during the American Revolution, General Reed, was offered ten thou- sand guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray his country. He re- plied: "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your King he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far, when you and I, if we move in honor- able society, know men and women who by all the forces of earth and hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to ex- change heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy, but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could get if they would only sell out.

Those women who complain that they are very often insulted, need to under- stand that there is something in their carriage to invite insult. There are men at Albany, and at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who would no more be approached by a bribe than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to attack a British man-of-war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch-hole. They are incorruptible men, and they are the few men who are to save the city and save the land.

Meanwhile, my advice is, keep out of politics unless you are invulnerable to this style of temptation. Indeed, if even you are naturally strong, you need religious buttressing. Nothing but the grace of God can sustain our public men and make them what we wish. I wish there might come an old-fash- ioned revival of religion, that it might break out in congress and the legis- latures and bring many of the leading Republicans and Democrats down on the anxious seat of repentance. That day will come, or something better, for the Bible declares that kings and queens shall become nursing fathers and mothers to the church, and if the greater in authority, then certainly the less.

My charge also to parents is, re- member that this evil of bribery often begins in the home circle, and in the nursery. Do not bribe your children. Teach them to do that which is right, and not because of the ten cents or the orange which you will give them. There is a great difference between re- warding virtue and making the profits thereof the impelling motive. That man who is honest merely because "honesty is the best policy" is already a moral bankrupt.

My charge is to you, in all depart- ments of life, steer clear of bribery all of you. Every man and woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transaction of private life, and of public life, will come up for reprehension.

In any community there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or if you have so hope- lessly involved them that you cannot put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will have sleep better nights, and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be if, after you are dead, your administrator should find out from the account-books, or from the lack of vouchers, that you were not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul!

A blustering young man arrived at a hotel in the West, and he saw a man on the sidewalk whom he supposed to be a laborer, and in a rough way, as no man has a right to address a laborer, said to him, "Carry this trunk up- stairs." The man carried the trunk upstairs and came down, and then the young man gave him a quarter of a dollar which was clipped, and instead of being twenty-five cents it was worth only twenty cents. Then the young man gave his card to the laborer and said, "You take this up to Governor Grimes; I want to see him." "Ah," said the laborer, "I am Governor Grimes." "Oh," said the young man, "you—I—excuse me." Then the gov- ernor said: "I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office in my gift, and I had made up my mind you should have it; but a young man who will cheat a la- borer out of five cents would swindle the government of the state if he got his hands on it. I don't want you. Good morning, sir."

I do not suppose there was ever a better specimen of honesty than was found in the Duke of Wellington. He marched with his army over the French frontier, and the army was suf- fering, and he scarcely knew how to get along. Plenty of plunder all about, but he commanded none of the plunder to be taken. He writes home these remarkable words: "We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on ac- count of public creditors, waiting to demand what is due to them." Yet at the very time the French peasantry were bringing their valuables to him to keep. A celebrated writer says of the transaction: "Nothing can be grander or more nobly original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years' service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his cred- itors! This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and in- vaders, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to its sublime simplicity."

Oh! is it not high time that we preach the morals of the Gospel right beside the faith of the Gospel? Mr. Froude, the celebrated English histo- rian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pre- tends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. And yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England on the divine mission of the clergy, on bish- ops, and on justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but during all these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on com- mon honesty."

I am glad that some one has set to music that scene in August, 1881, when a young girl saved from death a whole rail train of passengers. Some of you remember that out West in that year on a stormy night a hurricane blew down part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along and it crashed into the ruin, and the engineer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin, near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express was due. She lighted a lantern and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestle work, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lighting of the tempest, and the raging of the torrent beneath. One misstep and it would have been death. Amid all that horror the lantern went out. Crawling sometimes, and sometimes walking over the slippery rails, and over the trestle work, she came to the other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station, where the express train did not stop, so that the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train did stop. The train was due in a few minutes. She was one mile off from the telegraph station, but fortunately the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she flew like the wind. Coming up to the telegraph station, panting with almost deadly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout, "the bridge is down!" when she dropped unconscious, and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from that station to the next station, and the train halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers, and saved many homes from desola- tion. But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on and sweeping down to- ward perils raging and terrific. God help us to go out and stop the train! Let us throw some signal. Let us give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the downward progress. Beware! Beware! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep, and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning: "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

A Stay-at-Home Traveler.

"There is," said the man from Bos- ton, "a very curious person over in Boston. He is a man now 43 years of age, and he has never been away from Boston. In early life he developed a strong tendency for travel, and with this end in view he would plan a trip four months ahead to Norway. Then he would go to the Boston Athenaeum and look up data relating to Norway in three languages and then for four months he would saturate himself with Norway until it came time to go. Then he would argue that it was useless to go to the trouble and expense of going to a place about which he knew so much and he would set about plan- ning another trip with the same re- sults. As he not only read all the books relating to the spots to which he intended to go, but carried on a voluminous correspondence with travelers, geographical societies and ex- plorers throughout the world, he has collected a perfect encyclopedia of in- formation about countries other than his own. Mentally he has traversed the habitable globe, yet physically he has never been outside of Boston. I once introduced him to a friend of mine who had just come from shooting ele- phants in Africa. Why, the home tra- veler knew more about elephant shoot- ing in a minute than the man who had just come from killing elephants did. He corrected him as to the proper price to be paid hunters, and as to the right kind of rifle to use and then said that he agreed with Capt. So-and-so of the British army that a particular rifle was the best at a certain distance, although at close range he must say that he did agree with M. M. M., the eminent French explorer, who said, etc. My friend was deeply impressed, but when I told him later the facts in the case, he was most indignant.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Grumbling at God's Self.

Don't be deceived. In grumbling at yourself you may be really complain- ing against God and against His per- missive, if not His active, providence. Moreover, growling at yourself only keeps up in you the spirit of complain- ing. What right have you to murmur against yourself any more than against others and against God? Are you sure that these growling- ings against yourself are not so many valves by which you ventilate a com- plaining disposition that dares not ventilate itself on God, on others, on your circumstances? Can you not find some better business than finding fault even with yourself? Try repentance, reform, regeneration, entire sanctifica- tion—anything but growling.—Ex.

Praise, Honor and Respect.

Praise, honor and respect—these are sweet to all men. It is not surprising to us that they are sweet to the man who deserves them. They are the re- wards of noble action, high character, real worth. As the laborer is proud and happy at the close of the day to receive his wages, feeling that he has earned what he receives and that it is all his own, and honorably his own, so the man who has, and knows he has, the honor and respect of the commu- nity, and who receives the praise of his friends, and knows it is justly his, can not but be delighted.

If some men were to accuse them- selves of being liars, lots of their ac- quaintances would not believe them.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

The Tendency of the Age is Towards Mural Decorations.

Probably at no time in the world's history has so much attention been paid to the interior decoration of homes as at present. No home, no matter how humble, is without its handiwork that helps to beautify the apart- ments and make the surroundings more cheerful. The taste of the Amer- ican people has kept pace with the age and almost every day brings forth something new in the way of a picture, a drapery, a piece of furniture or other form of mural decoration. One of the latest of these has been given to the world by the celebrated artist, Muville, in a series of four handsome porcelain game plaques. Not for years has anything as handsome in this line been seen. The subjects represented by these plaques are American Wild Ducks, American Phoebe, American Quail and English Snipe. They are handsome paintings and are especially designed for hanging on dining-room walls, though their richness and beauty entitles them to a place in the parlor of any home. These original plaques have been purchased at a cost of \$50,000 by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., man- ufacturers of the celebrated Elastic Starch, and in order to enable their numerous customers to become posses- sors of these handsome works of art they have had them reproduced by a special process in all the rich colors and beauty of the original. They are finished on heavy cardboard, pressed and embossed in the shape of a plaque and trimmed with a heavy band of gold. They measure forty inches in circumference and contain no reading matter or advertisement whatever.

Until September 1st Messrs. J. C. Hu- binger Bros. Co. propose to distribute these plaques free to their customers. Every purchaser of three ten-cent pack- ages of Elastic Starch, flat-iron brand, manufactured by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., is entitled to receive one of these handsome plaques free from their gro- cer. Old and new customers alike are entitled to the benefits of this offer. These plaques will not be sent through the mail, the only way to obtain them being from your grocer. Every grocery store in the country has Elastic Starch for sale. It is the oldest and best laundry starch on the market, and is the most perfect cold process starch ever invented. It is the only starch made by men who thoroughly under- stand the laundry business, and the only starch that will not injure the finest fabric. It has been the standard for a quarter of a century, and as an evi- dence of how good it is, twenty-two million packages were sold last year. Ask your dealer to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute. Bear in mind that this offer holds good a short time only, and should be taken advantage of without delay.

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The Sunday School Times, Philadel- phia, Pa., May 11, 1895: "Continual use of the first volume, since its issue, has shown the work to be a weighty, thorough, rich, accurate, authoritative, and convenient addition to lexico- graphical material. The collaborative method reaches high water mark, and produces bold, original, independent, and scholarly results."

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William J. Milne, president of New York State Normal College, June 5, 1895: "It defines every word with such discrimination and thoroughness that the keenest scholars in philosophy, science, literature, art, will find in it the most lucid, accurate, and comprehen- sive definitions to be found anywhere."

J. G. Fitch, LL.D., Department of Education, London, Eng., March 29, 1895: "The book bears throughout abundant evidence of care and thought and scholarship. I cannot doubt that it will be accepted as an authority of the highest rank in the department of phil- ology."

The Engineer and Iron Trades Adver- tiser, Glasgow, April 4, 1895: "Taken altogether, the sum total is, the Stand- ard Dictionary is without a peer. It is a distinct gain to literature, to science, and to education."

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